

## The Tragedie of Hamlet

Haue you so slander any moments leisure,  
As to giue words or talke with the Lord Hamlet,  
Looke too't I charge you, come your waies.

Ophe. I shall obey my Lord. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus.*

Ham. The aire bites shroudly, it is very cold.

Hora. It is nipping, and an eager aire.

Ham. What houre now?

Hora. I thinke it lackes of twelue.

Mar. No, it is strooke

Hora. Indeed; I heard it not, it then drawes neere the season,  
Wherein the spirit held his wont to walke *A flourish of Trumpets, and two Peeeces goes off.*  
What does this meane my Lord?

Ham. The King doth walke to night and takes his rowle,  
Keeps wassell and the swaggering vp-spring reeles;  
And as he draines his drafts of Rhenish downe,  
The Kettle Drumme and Trumpet, thus bray out  
The triumph of his pledge.

Hora. Is it a custome?

Ham. I marrie ist,  
But to my mind, though I am natie heere,  
And to the manner borne, it is a custome  
More honourd in the breach, then the obseruance.  
This heauie-headed reuell East and West  
Makes vs traduc'd and taxed of other Nations,  
They clip vs Drunkards and with swinish phrase  
Soile our addition, and indeed it takes  
From our atchieuements, though perform'd at height,  
The pith and marow of our attribute,  
So oft it chanches in particular men,  
That for some vicious mole of nature in them,  
As in their birth wherein they are not guiltie,  
(Since nature cannot choose his origen)  
By their ore-grow'th of some complexion  
Oft breaking downe the Pales and Forts of Reason,  
Or by some habit that too much ore-leauens  
The forme of plausiue manners, that these men  
Carrying I say the stampe of one defect

Being

## Prince of Denmarke.

Being Natures liuery, or Fortunes starre,  
His Vertues els be they as pure as grace.  
As infinite as man may vndergoe,  
Shall in the generall censure take corruption  
From that particular fault: the dram of ease  
Doth all the noble substance of a doubt  
To his owne scandall.

*Enter Ghost.*

Hora. Looke my Lord it comes.

Ham. Angels and Ministers of grace defend vs!  
Be thou a spirit of health, or Goblin damn'd,  
Bring with thee aires from heauen, or blasts from hel,  
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,  
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,  
That I will speake to thee, Ile call thee Hamlet,  
King, Father, Royall Dane, O answere me,  
Let me not burst in ignorance, but tell  
Why thy canoniz'd bones hearsed in death  
Haue burst their cerements? why the Sepulchre,  
Wherein we saw thee quietly interr'd  
Hath op't his ponderous and marble iawes,  
To cast thee vp againe? what may this meane  
That thou dead coase, againe in compleat reele  
Reuistes thus the glimpses of the Moone,  
Making night hideous, and we fooles of Nature  
So horridly to shake our disposition  
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our soules,  
Say why is this, wherefore, what should we doe? *Beckons.*

Hora. It beckons you to goe away with it  
As if it some impartment did desire  
To you alone.

Mar. Looke with what courteous action  
It waues you to a more remoued ground,  
But doe not goe with it.

Hora. No, by no meanes.

Ham. It will not speake, then I will follow it.

Hora. Doe not my Lord.

Ham. Why? what should be the feare,  
I doe not see my life at a pinnes fee,

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